

Memorial Day

The Perceptionists

It should have been so soft, this morning as we left
But the valley was infected, by a different kind of beauty
And the Indians they knew, it was a devil's sanctuary.
Out of this unholy dawn, a car came stirring up the sand
And a woman from a passion play
Held up the limousine that brought me
All this way today. And I didn't need to turn around
So strong was the message, and the man who planned her life
Commanded all that followed: Well they bellowed, and they hollered
And they threw each other down, down in this valley
This cruel and lovely valley, Oh it should have been an alley
In some low down part of town
As the lights came up, there was no sun
And brandy splattered all over the ground
As this woman with her head held high
Yelled love and why oh why, you're killing me oh follow me-
As I watched safe and clean, from the frosted windows of that limousine

Well they bellowed and they hollered, and they threw each other down
Down in this valley, this cruel and lovely valley
Oh it should have been an alley, in some low down part of town
Before he'd been so funny, imagining the best:
That he'd escaper recrimination, for abandoning the nest
He'd been joking and stoned, while he was entertaining me
But then turned and was stunned, by her panic and her misery
And I was in the get-away car
Giving him a chance, to get away
Get away, get away
And how the valley smoked, as he crossed Route 25
With his cymbals and his shattered crown, leaving all alone
His eyes fixed on the ground. And he didn't even turn around
So strong was the message, and he fell into the shallow sky
And was swallowed.

Well they bellowed and they hollered, and they threw each other down
Down in this valley, this cruel and lovely valley
Well it should have been an alley, In some low down part of town

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